

## **Dead Confederate "The Rat"**

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Shoot from the back,  
take good aim,  
Make sure I'm dead  
Bang Bang

'Cause I'm a rat  
there's no mistake  
Under the bed  
where you sleep

Crush the skull  
make me tame  
Sweep it up  
Hide it away

No morals shown  
in no way explained  
Stupid human  
Shit for brains

And draw tiny pictures  
'round all the days  
Bag and burn  
Bang Bang

Throw your judgements  
across the breeze  
Bag and burn  
Bang Bang

You live inside  
your Jesus dream  
Bag and burn  
Bang Bang

Get some sleep  
or lie in wait  
Until the day  
I run away

Forget the corpse  
present the case

to bring me down  
and lose your words

I'll follow you  
into the grave  
and at the gates  
I see the passing say,

"The judge be judged,  
and all the rich be saved."  
I throw my curse  
all across your days

And draw tiny pictures  
'round all the days  
Bag and burn  
Bang Bang

Throw your judgements  
across the breeze  
Bag and burn  
Bang Bang

You live inside  
your Jesus dream  
Bag and burn  
Bang Bang

And draw tiny pictures  
'round all the days

Throw your judgements  
across the breeze

Watch them float off  
to never be saved

You live inside  
your Jesus dream

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